

CHRISTMAS Number.

THE QUAVER,

WITH WHICH IS PUBLISHED "CHORAL HARMONY."

A monthly Advocate of Popular Musical Education,

And Exponent of the Letter-note Method.

Correspondence and Advertisements to be forwarded to 20, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No. 24.]

DECEMBER 1, 1877.

[One Penny.]

Christmas Crochets.

By M. G.



ON a foggy night in dull November, I took occasion to call upon my friend Toodlekins, who occupies a post of responsibility in the Futurity Office. My object in calling upon Toodlekins was partly ceremonial—to keep him in mind of me; partly professional—to ascertain whether anything was likely to turn up; and partly inquisitive—to gratify my curiosity. But first, I must say a word or two about myself. I am a musician—a fiddler to wit, or indeed a fluter, harper, or corneopeoner, in case of need. I accept engagements by the evening to play at parties, exhibitions, and such like. My father was a musician before me: my mother also, and most of my relations, were born and bred to the profession. Thus from my very infancy I was musical; I was weaned upon music, and fed upon it; my very toys were musical, for my horses and carts were broken down fiddles, and I had worn out fiddle strings for my peg tops, and new ones sometimes for my boot laces: consequently, when I grew up, music came quite natural to me. My parents called themselves musicianers: I style myself a musician, which doesn't sound quite so grand perhaps, but is much handier.

Toodlekins was an old school-mate and play-mate of mine. But he having a quick head for figures, while I was more proficient with the bow, when school days were over Toodlekins and self parted—he to mount a tall stool in the Futurity Office, and peer into the middle of next week; and I to fiddle my way through life.

I was quite certain of finding Toodlekins, for I knew he was on night duty, and found him at his post accordingly—or, rather, at his perch, for his post was a perch. He was perched upon a seat which raised him about a dozen feet from the floor; and there he was, star-gazing and moon-watching hour after hour, now putting down a lot of figures on a slate, and now peeping through something which looked like the mouthpiece of a corneopeon, and which was marked "next week's intelligence." Round about me too, I noticed more of these mouthpieces, some of them as big as a trombone's and bigger, all marked in a similar way. Toodlekins was very glad to see me: quickly I told him what he could do for me professionally, for business had been as flat as a false note with me for months, and, now that Christmas was drawing near, things were really beginning to look serious. After a moment's reflection, Toodlekins asked whether Timbuctoo would suit me, for they were going to have a grand fete there shortly, and were likely to need some "fiddlededee," as he called it. I declined to leave wife and family, and wanted something nearer. Toodlekins suggested other places, but all of them at the other end of the world, and quite out of the question, and I was about to thank him all the same and take my departure, when he stopped me, saying—

"Oh, I'll find you something, soon perhaps—at all events sooner or later—so don't feel the least anxious, I'll manage it for you all right."

"Extremely obliged," I replied, "but you don't mean to say you can really tell what's going to happen—do you now?"

He gravely assured me he could, and that it was done by the help of those queer-looking instruments—a mongrel sort of breed, between a telescope and a cornet—which I found him using. Thinking of some used up brass instruments I had at home, and



wondering whether it wasn't possible to erect a small futurity machine for my own use, I asked him for a further explanation.

"The fact is," said he, "the weather is the great factor. Directly we know what kind of weather is coming for the next six months, we can, by a system of calculation, prophecy pretty accurately the state of the crops and other natural products, the probable prices of the various commodities, the condition of trade and of the money market, with the state of public health, the rate of mortality, and a host of other matters. Oh, believe me, I can give you many a valuable 'tip.'"

"You don't say so! Could you tell me now how many parties and balls will be given in London this season?"

"That's cutting it a little *too* fine," Toodlekins replied, "but I can state the average compared with former years—it's ten per cent less."

I thought this looked promising, and was expressing a hope that I mightn't have to migrate in search of employment after all, when Toodlekins himself was obliged to migrate on the instant; for a bell rang, and a voice from nobody knows where called out, "Next batch of tips ready—sharp!" And sharp it was; for Toodlekins was off like a shot, hurriedly cautioning me not to touch anything during his absence.

While Toodlekins was gone I fell wondering what the mouthpieces could tell me if I were to peer into them, and half inclined to make the attempt, Toodlekins' prohibition notwithstanding. But one of them was so near me I could not help looking through, and I found it was the end of a tube, like a speaking tube, but presently it grew larger and I could see figures passing backwards and forwards at the other end. Gradually this end widened, and I was looking into an immense hall, filled with men and women of all classes, conditions, and trades, and every one busily occupied.

Peering down the funnel, I could make out a good deal of what was going on, but, curious to learn more, I craned forward and tried to edge nearer. Darwin tells us that the brutes obtained their tails through their vehement desire to stretch themselves: very likely it was similar with me, for I quickly found myself among the workers. By what means I got there is a mystery to me. I did not go, neither was I carried; but it was just as if I had been suspended inside an enormous trombone, and the player, in order to get a very high note, had drawn up the slide, leaving me free to go where I pleased. The sight was, for all the world, like the International: it was the same conglomeration of machines for every possible and impossible purpose, and all running, spinning, jumping, and wheeling as if they were alive, and all working as silent as the grave.

Walking on, looking and wondering all the while at the machinery on every side, I very nearly put my foot in it—or, rather, my whole body, for I was just on the point of stepping into a great hole in the floor—when a mouldy-looking party pulled me up with a "Mind, mind, youngster, where you're going to, or you'll be in New Zealand before you can say *kiwi*!" On my enquiring what he meant, he informed that he was exhibiting a working model of the Direct, Through, Underground Route. Further enquiries on my part elicited the information, that it was a perpendicular tunnel, the voyager descending straight through the upper-crust, down to the centre of the earth, then through the under-crust to the surface, turning up well done, but feet uppermost, in the Antipodes, his own momentum having propelled him a great part of the way free of expense to the directors.

Next department to the Underground Route was the Gravitation Machine for superseding Aeronautics. Getting into conversation with the person in charge, I remarked that ballooning might very well be superseded, for it never was of much use.

"Ballooning!" he said, "Oh, that's done with many a year ago: it went out about the same time as soap bubbles. Since then flying machines came into use: they were very well in their way, but too expensive, and not nearly fast enough."

This was all news to me; but I tried to hide my ignorance, and asked him for some information respecting the Gravitation Machine.

"Gravitation, sir, nothing but gravitation," he replied. "Gravitation, you know is the natural electricity of the earth: only make a gravitation machine with reversible poles, and on turning a handle it will shoot off into furthest space; move the handle back again, and down your machine comes again—nothing could be simpler."

"Sim, le enough," I remarked, "but how do you find it answer?"

"Capitally," returned he, "the inventor has demonstrated this much. He started on an experimental trip some months ago: whether the reversing gear got out of order it

is impossible to tell, but he hasn't been heard of since, and very likely is shooting upward still."

I thought of the famed "Cork Leg," and the awful fate of its proprietor, but kept my thoughts to myself, and remarked that it was rather unfortunate for the inventor.

"Well, it *is* unfortunate in the interest of science, but no doubt he's safe enough: as likely as not he may land on some passing meteor, or even dash on to the moon itself—there's no telling what he may do."

"But how can he live? How can he breathe?—There's no air to support life."

"No air! Why, think of the rate he's going—if there's the thinnest film of ether, he has got more air than is comfortable. Would you like to try a short spin yourself?"

Whether curiosity or caution would have prevailed, I do not know; but I was spared the necessity of deciding, for just then a gong struck, at the sound of which the workers threw aside their tools. "A merry Christmas to you!" said one to his neighbour; and presently the hall was filled with a buzz of Merry Christmases and Happy New Years. Christmas! I thought,—why, it's only November out of doors. Ah, of course, we are at the Futurity Office, and the clocks are all fast in this part of the world.

Meanwhile, a grand transformation scene was silently but rapidly being effected in the hall and its furnishings. What became of the machinery and other things I cannot tell; but they seemed gradually to melt into thin air, just as in a dissolving view, their places being imperceptibly filled up by other objects. The company, too, had changed their working for their holiday garb, and were promenading the hall, or standing here and there in groups. Others of them enlivened the proceedings by singing such songs as the following:—

Christmas Time is coming.

THE wintry winds are sighing,
For the days that are gone past;
And the echoes are replying
To the murmur of the blast.
But for us no voice of sadness
Hath winter's hoary reign;
For the song of Christmas gladness
Shall soon resound again.
Chorus—Christmas time is coming,
Gladdest of the year;
We hail thee, merry Christmas,
Oh welcome, welcome here!
Now ivy branches twining,
We wreath a garland green;
And holly-berries shining,
Peep in and out between.

King Winter, old and hoary,
Gives freely all he can;
And a flood of Christmas glory
Should cheer the heart of man.
Chorus—Christmas time is coming, etc.
Prepare we joyful greetings
For the friends that are to come:
Let us dream of happy meetings,
And of many a welcome home!
E'en he who dwells in sadness,
By a lonely fireside,
May yet find truest gladness
In the joys of Christmas-tide.
Chorus—Christmas time is coming, etc.

[This song is published, with music, in "*Choral Harmony*," No. 127, price one penny.]

While the company were waiting the arrival of Christmas, they occupied themselves by making preparations for his welcome, and in rehearsing their parts for the coming festival. It was just like a play; only it was all stage, and no audience, for everybody took a part in the performance. The scenes were shifted, or rather *dissolved*, as it by magic; and every scene was in keeping with the occasion. Just now, it was a kitchen where there was a marshalling of utensils, a fraternization of viands, and an interchange of sentiment on the part of sauces and beverages. Business commenced with the reading of an address to the utensil-in-chief, the fryingpan—an iron grey gentleman with a long handle. The address, which was stated by the orator to be "a respectful distance after KEATS," was as follows:—

"Hear us, great Pan!
Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether when he fries
The juicy hare, or other nice titbit:
Or upward to the well-stocked larder flit
To fetch the lamb-chop for the diner's maw;
Or by mysterious expertness draw
Bespeckled pancakes from the fire again;
Or to tread breathless to the frothy drain,
And gather up all scraps, and rinds, and
shells,
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their outpeeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery apples and nut-cakes brown,—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!"

Pan, as in duty bound, gracefully acknowledged the compliment. Then, with a sort of undercurrent of music by way of accompaniment, came the mixing of the ingredients for the various dishes—a most important transaction, and one which must be accomplished with due state and solemnity. But, the state and solemnity notwithstanding, a good deal of fun and flirtation accompanied the proceeding. Occasionally, a glass or other vessel would emit a musical laugh, and I expressed my wonder that the different sounds were invariably in accord. A neighbour explained the reason—it was the universal cultivation of music! For some years Musical Education had been compulsory, and more recently the Imperial Parliament of Europe had enacted a stringent law that all drinking vessels and culinary utensils must be tuned in accord—"for the good of the public ear," my informant stated. Bad look out for Christmas engagements, I thought; but he relieved my anxiety by stating, in answer to my enquiries, that "No lady or gentleman would ever demean themselves by singing or playing at a party—they leave that to the servants!"

While all this was going on, I observed Mustard speaking very ardently to Custard, and heard him sing something with great warmth of feeling. Not catching the words quite distinctly, and supposing the performance to be *pro bono publico*, I tried to move nearer; but my newly-made acquaintance, divining my object, told me he was reporting for *The Daily Diapason*, so I needn't trouble. "The fact is," whispered he, "I have a number of 'tonographs' planted over the hall, and everything said or sung is registered on the spot." He showed me one of them—a thing like a mouse trap—under his seat; and it is through his kindness that I am able to give so full a report of the proceedings.

What Mustard sang was this:—

I am talking in my Sleep.

F. S. OSGOOD.

G. J. WEBB.

Allegretto.

I have something sweet to tell you, But the se - cret you must

keep; I have something sweet to tell you, But the se - cret you must

keep; And re - mem - ber if it ain't right, I am talk - ing in my

*(Additional Verses.)*

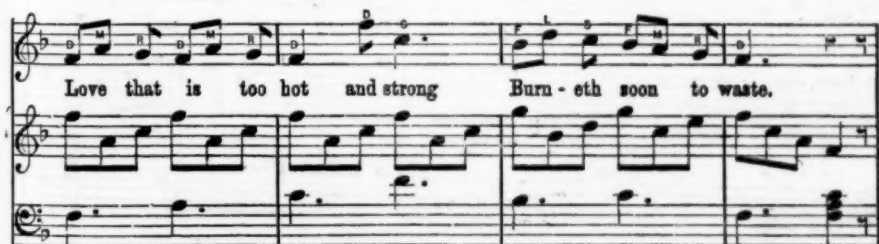
For I know I am but dreaming,
 When I think your love is mine;
 And I know they are but seeming,
 All the hopes that round me shine.
 So, remember, when I tell you
 What I can no longer keep,
 We are none of us responsible
 For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming,
 O, listen with your heart;
 And you shall hear it humming
 So close 'twill make you start.
 O, shut your eyes so earnest,
 Or mine will wildly weep;
 I love you! I adore you!—
 But I'm talking in my sleep.

Mustard looked hot when he began, but he looked hotter still when he left off; and Custard, I thought, objected to his attentions, for she sang very sarcastically—

Lobe me little, lobe me long.

BAUMANN.



Vinegar was the next to make the attempt; but his sour looks quite spoiled his chance, and he received the continuation—



Love that last-eth till 'tis old Fad - eth not in haste.

This musical score is for a song in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

To him succeeded Pepper, a very smart young gentleman, who marched forward with an air and a swagger. But Pepper was too much; and Custard, quite overcome by the excess of his ardour, was only able to sing faintly, with a prelude, postlude, and sundry interludes, of coughing and sneezing—

If thou lov - est me too much, It will not prove as true as touch;

This musical score is for a song in G major, 6/8 time. The vocal melody is characterized by a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic support with a similar rhythmic feel.

Love me lit - tle, more than such, For I fear the end.

This musical score is for a song in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal melody is simple and direct, with a clear emphasis on the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is straightforward, using chords and single notes to support the voice.

Such the love that I would gain, Such the love, I tell thee plain,

This musical score is for a song in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand.

Thou must give, or woo in vain; So to thee fare - well!

Ketchup, who was rather bashful, had not sufficient courage to come forward: exit the whole cruet stand accordingly. But the friends evidently took heart of grace, for I afterwards met them at table in the company of a nicely dressed joint of beef, a well-to-do turkey, and *such* a fat goose.

Meanwhile Cinnamon had been making good use of his tongue. I could not hear what was said, for, most unfortunately, my companion's "tonograph" had run itself down; but he had it wound up, and in working order, in time to catch Custard's reply, which was as follows:—

I am with lit - tle well con - tent, And a lit - tle from thee sent

Is e - nough, with true in - tent, To be faith - ful friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live, I to thee my love will give,

Ne - ver dream-ing to de-ceive While that life en - dures.

Nay, and af - ter death, in sooth, I to thee will keep my truth, As

now, when in my May of youth, This my love as-sures, This

- my love as-sures.

But this episode was suddenly terminated by a tremendous ra-ta-ta-tat:—

Pedal obligato, played principally by boots, but also by walking-sticks, umbrellas, or anything else handy.

The knockers evidently wanted immediate admission, and would brook no delay; but what struck me as peculiar was the excellent "time" which was kept throughout the hubbub. My companion explained the cause—"Universal Musical Education" again: people were now so musical that even the mobs which used to howl and yell in their fury considered it only decent to yell musically. "It's the effect of early training," said he, "they were taught that at school; for, if a boy wouldn't cry in proper tune, he was shoved daily into a large drum, which was beat without mercy until he learned to roar decently."

While I was talking the mob outside, having repeated the rat-a-ta-tat by way of a prelude, became musical in right earnest and burst into the following:—

Christmas has come.

Christmas has come!
Hail! Christmas, with mirth and with gladness
abounding,
We welcome thy advent with carols resounding;
Gently swelling, of good will telling,
And waxing louder and louder still,
Till thunders all things fill
With shouts of rapturous cheer
That Christmas again is here.

Christmas has come!
The day that is telling of peace and salvation,
And kindling the incense of friendship's oblation;
Hark its numbers, and wake from slumbers,
Now raise the sacred triumph high,

And banish every sigh,
For this is the festive hour
When Friendship displays its power.

Christmas has come!
Friends, parted in sorrow, in gladness are meeting,
While hearty good wishes and kind Christmas greet-
ing,
Now are waking to-day's bright breaking,
And songs with loud and thundering peal
Our kindly joys reveal.
To heaven be thanks addressed
That earth is so richly blest.

[This song is published, with music, in "Choral Harmony," No. 127, price one penny.]

The song was taken up enthusiastically by those indoors, some with, and some without, the *pedal obligato*; but everybody seemed in downright earnest. Just as the song came to an end with a tremendous *fortissimo*, in walked CHRISTMAS and his attendants. I was rather disappointed with his appearance, for I had expected something in bacchanalian style—an old man with a jolly countenance and a portly presence, head begirt with mistletoe and holly, and so forth. But what a difference! The mistletoe was there; the holly also was there; but CHRISTMAS himself was quite young, and, moreover, did not appear particularly jolly. Generally, he had the look of rates and taxes, rent and other bills to pay, and such like. On comparing notes with my neighbours, I found that CHRISTMAS seemed quite different to them: one said he looked like an increase of salary, somebody else compared him to a week's holiday, and so on. Thus I discovered that CHRISTMAS's appearance depends entirely upon the people to whom he appears: to one he comes smiling, to another frowning; to one he is wrinkled and full of care, to another dancing with mirth and jollity.

"But he's so young," I remarked.

"Young! He's only nineteen: up there, where CHRISTMAS comes from, years are only minutes, you know. Look at Father TIME—the party standing next to CHRISTMAS, with a metronome under his arm—he's old enough to be CHRISTMAS's great-grand-sire a hundred times removed, and he doesn't look old."

And neither he did, I am bound to state.

But the kitchen scene had now dissolved, and we were in a magnificent dining-hall, hung round with evergreens, banners, and all sorts of decorations. Dinner was on the table, and the guests were waiting: quickly the company took their places, and the feast commenced. The following is a description of the scene:—

Oh, 'tis Merry in the Hall.

MARSH.

Allegretto.

Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

Oh, 'tis mer - ry in the hall, oh, 'tis mer - ry in the

When the beards wag all,
hall, Oh, 'tis mer-ry in the hall, Oh, 'tis mer-ry in the hall, When the

beards wag all. Then the mu-sic, oh, how fine, Play-ing all the time they

dine, What a noise and what a din, How they glit-ter round the ohin! How they

glit-ter round the ohin! Give me fowl, give me fish, give me some of that nice

dish, Out me this, out me that, Send me crust and send me fat, Send me

Out me this, cut me that and send me crust and fat,

crust and send me fat, pray send me fat, pray send me fat, more fat, more

fat! Some for tit-bits pull-ing, haul-ing—Legs, wings, breast, head; Some for

li-quor soold-ing, bawl-ing—Hook, port, white, red; Here 'tis cramming, cutting,

plash-ing! There the grease and gra-vy splash-ing—Look, sir, what you've done! Look,

Solo. *Ad lib.*
sir, what you've done! Zounds, sir, you've cut off the Al-der-man's

thumb! Solo. *Ad lib.* Oh! my thumb! Oh! my thumb! Oh! my

Tutti. *A tempo.*
thumb! Some for tit-bits pull-ing, haul-ing—Legs, wings, breast, head; Some for

* If preferred, change to key B ♭ and sol-fa thus.



Dinner over, the company formed themselves into a Mutual Entertainment Society, every member contributing his quota to the general amusement. CARE, who dropped in for a moment, was speedily bundled out; and Fun, Mirth, and Jollity kept the hall in a perpetual roar, relieved occasionally by the performance of appropriate music.

Meanwhile CHRISTMAS and his friend TIME were accomplishing their respective tasks. CHRISTMAS was leisurely strolling about, distributing his gifts. He seemed to have his favourites; for some obtained a purse, a promotion, or a lift in life, but others received a punch on the head or a kick, and many were even deprived of something which they would much rather have retained. Haletiquette required that each person should take his departure directly the "reception" was concluded; and, as I watched their leave-taking, it occurred to me that perhaps the distribution was not so partial as it seemed. I observed that those who received most were not always as contented and happy as the others who received but little; and where CHRISTMAS had brought only bereavement or calamity, I often heard them thank God it was no worse, and I noticed also that TIME kindly came to their relief and healed their wounds.

TIME, besides performing the duties of Musical Director and Balsam Provider, was engaged in auditing the accounts for the year now closing. All the collisions, shipwrecks, and other casualties, were reviewed; all the "omissions and commissions" were sternly and unsparingly dealt with; and every political event, parochial transaction, and social incident, came under his inspection. It was quite wonderful how the light which he was able to contribute upset opinions and decisions pronounced upon insufficient data.

Soon it was my own turn to undergo the ordeal of a "reception," and I stepped forward, in doubt and anxiety respecting my fate. "Take this," said CHRISTMAS sternly. Thinking it was a cuff, I bobbed in order to avoid it. "Take these," he said again, "I got no answer, and as the door was ajar I made free to enter."

I looked up—it was the post delivering his letters on a foggy November morning, and he handed me Christmas engagements enough to serve for a twelvemonth.

